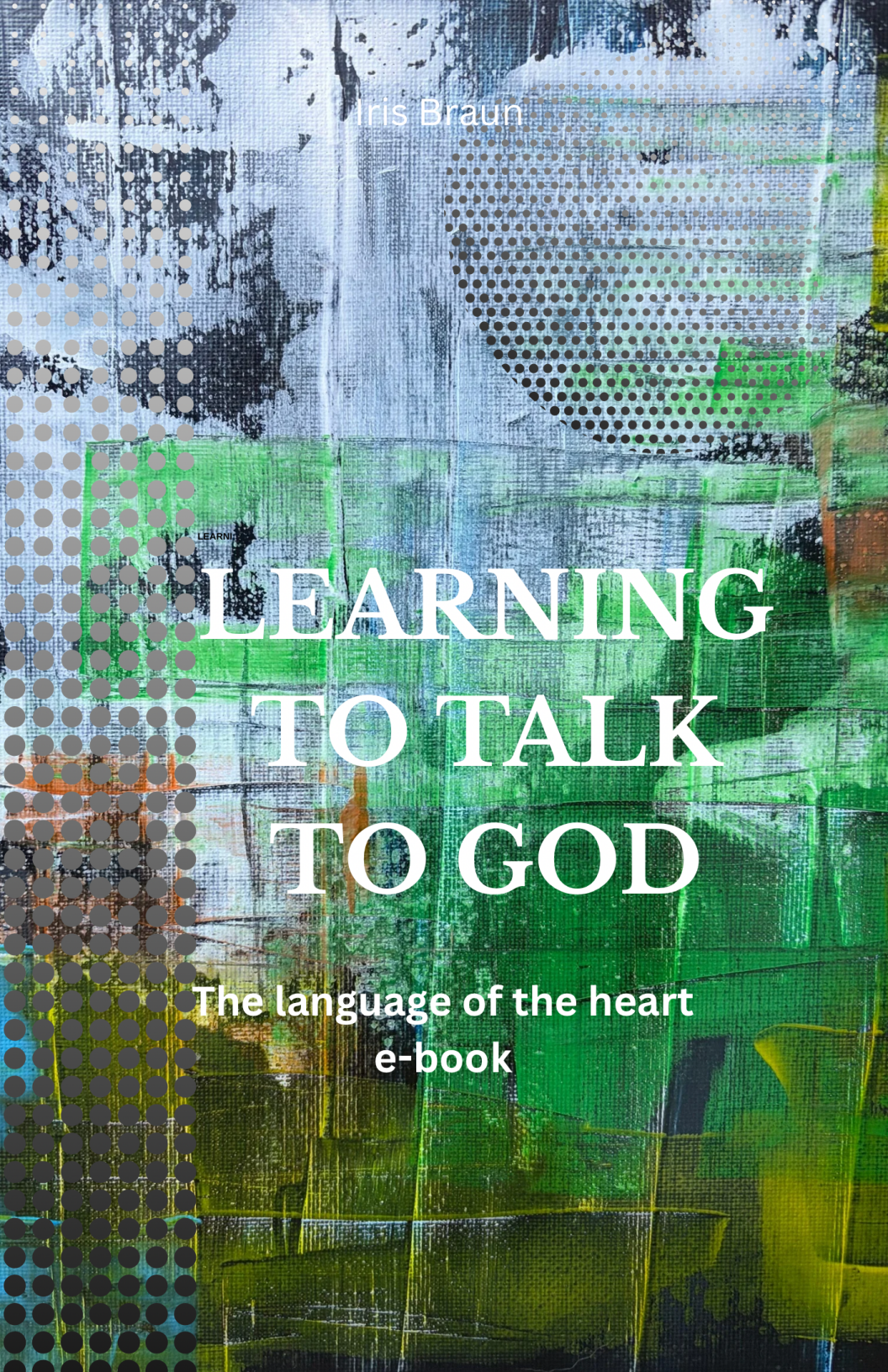
Iris Braun
LEARNI
LEARNING
TO TALK
TO GOD
The language of the heart
e-book

# LEARNING TO TALK TO GOD

## The language of the heart

Iris Braun

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*To those learning to speak from the heart—this is for you.*

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# Prologue

I didn't know how to pray.

For a long time, I didn't even realize that this was the problem. When I was a child, I had learned prayers—words I could repeat without thinking. They were familiar, structured, and somehow comforting in their routine. I believed that this was what prayer was supposed to be. You say what you have learned, you follow what others have shown you, and that is enough.

But even back then, I didn't really understand it. It was something I did, not something I felt. Something I repeated, not something I lived. And as I got older, even that slowly faded. Somewhere along the way, I stopped praying altogether. Not out of rebellion, not because I made a conscious decision against it, but simply because it didn't feel real to me. It had never become something

personal, never something that truly belonged to my life.

So I left it behind without even noticing how much distance had grown inside of me. I still believed in God in some distant way, but I didn't know Him. And because I didn't know Him, I didn't talk to Him. Prayer was not part of my everyday life. It wasn't something I turned to, not even in difficult moments. It simply wasn't there anymore.

Looking back now, I can see that I wasn't rejecting God. I just didn't know how to reach Him. I had learned words, but I had never learned what prayer really is. I didn't know that you could actually talk to God—honestly, openly, personally. I didn't know that prayer could be a real conversation. So I lived my life without it.

Everything began to change when I encountered God in a way that was real. Not through something I had memorized or repeated, but through something I experienced. For the first time, I

realized that God is not distant, not unreachable, not waiting for perfect words or a certain way of speaking. He is near. And suddenly, something shifted inside of me. Prayer was no longer something I had to do or something I had failed at. It became something completely different—something simple, something honest, something alive.

I didn't need to go back to the words I had learned as a child. I didn't need to pretend or perform. I didn't need to know how to say it "the right way." I could just come as I was. And for the first time, it felt like I wasn't speaking into emptiness anymore. It felt like someone was actually there. Listening. Not because I had said the right things, but because I had finally become real.

That was the moment everything began to change. Prayer slowly became a conversation. Not a perfect one, not a practiced one, but a real one. And with that, something else began to grow—a relationship

I had never known before. This book was born out of that change.

Not to teach you how to say the right words, but to show you that you don't need them. Because prayer is not something you learn by repeating. It is something you discover when you begin to speak honestly to a God who has been there all along.

# Introduction

Maybe you have tried to pray before. Maybe you sat there in silence, not knowing what to say. Maybe you repeated words you once learned, hoping they would mean something more this time. Maybe you felt like your prayers never went higher than the ceiling. Or maybe you slowly stopped praying at all. Not because you didn't care, but because it never felt real.

If that is where you are right now, then this book is for you.

This is not a book for people who have perfect words. It is not for those who feel confident in their prayers. It is not for those who think they already know how to talk to God. This book is for the ones who are unsure. For the ones who feel distant. For the ones who want something real– but don't know how to find it.

Because the truth is: Prayer was never meant to be complicated. It was never meant to be a performance. It was never about saying the right things in the right order. And it was never about sounding spiritual enough for God to listen. Prayer is something much simpler. And at the same time, something much deeper.

It is a conversation. Not a perfect one. Not a polished one. But a real one. A conversation between you and a God who is not far away, but closer than you think.

In this book, I don't want to teach you how to pray in a traditional sense. I want to walk with you into

something more honest. I want to show you that you can come to God exactly as you are. With your questions. With your doubts. With your silence. With your broken words. Or even without words at all. You don't need to impress Him. You don't need to prepare. You don't need to become someone else first. You can begin right where you are. And maybe, slowly, something will change.

Maybe prayer will stop feeling empty. Maybe it will stop feeling distant. Maybe it will become something you don't avoid anymore—but something you return to. Not because you have to. But because you want to. Because somewhere along the way, you realize: You are not speaking into silence. You are being heard. And even more than that—you are not just learning how to pray. You are learning how to talk to God.

# Chapter 1 – What I Thought Prayer Was

For a long time, I thought I understood what prayer was, not because I had ever truly experienced it, but because I had learned what it was supposed to look like. Prayer, to me, had a certain form. It had words that were already there, already spoken by others, already repeated so many times that they felt almost untouchable. It was something you stepped into, something you followed, something you repeated in the way you had been shown.

As a child, I didn't question it. I simply did what I had learned. I said the prayers, I followed the structure, and I believed that this was enough. But even then, it never felt like something personal. It didn't feel like a real connection. It felt more like doing something right, like staying within the boundaries of what prayer was supposed to be.

There was no space for honesty in the way I understood it. No space for my own thoughts, my own feelings, my own words. Prayer was something fixed, something already defined, and I stayed within that without even realizing what was missing.

And as I got older, something began to shift, quietly and almost unnoticed. It wasn't a sudden decision. I didn't wake up one day and choose to stop believing. I didn't turn away from God in a conscious way.

He simply stopped playing a role in my life.

Somewhere along the way, without even realizing it, my belief faded. God became distant, not because I rejected Him, but because He was no longer part of my everyday reality. He wasn't someone I thought about, someone I turned to, or someone I spoke with.

And because of that, prayer disappeared too.

Not dramatically, not intentionally. It just wasn't there anymore. It had never become something real to me, so there was nothing that kept it alive. It had been something I did as a child, something I had learned, but it never became something that belonged to me.

So I lived my life without it.

Looking back now, I can see that I had reduced prayer to something very small. To words I had learned. To repetition. To something that existed outside of me, but never really touched what was going on inside of me.

And because of that, it never became something I carried with me into my life.

I didn't know that prayer could be different. I didn't know that it could be simple, that it could be honest, that it could be as natural as speaking what is already in your heart. I didn't know that it was

never meant to be something distant or something you have to get right.

No one had ever shown me that.

And maybe that is where so many of us find ourselves. Not far from God because we don't care, but distant because we were never really shown how to come close. Not resistant, but unaware. Not unwilling, but disconnected.

Because if prayer is only something we repeat, it will never become something we live. And if it never becomes real, it will eventually disappear.

That is exactly what happened to me.

And yet, even in that distance, something deeper was still there, quietly waiting. Not in the words I had learned, but in something I had not yet discovered.

As you read this, you might recognize parts of your own story in it. Maybe God has not really been part

of your life for a long time. Maybe prayer feels unfamiliar, distant, or even irrelevant. Not because you made a decision against it, but because it simply never became real to you.

If that is where you are, then you are not alone. And maybe this is simply the beginning of seeing things differently.

God, I don't want to stay distant without even knowing why. If You are real, if You are near, then I want to discover that for myself. Help me to become honest, to become open, and to take a first step toward You—even if I don't fully know how yet.

**Reflection**

Take a moment and think about your own understanding of prayer.

What did prayer look like for you growing up?

Was it something personal, or something you learned to repeat?

Have you ever felt like prayer was something you were supposed to do, but never something that truly felt real to you?

And if you are honest—has God played a role in your life, or did He slowly fade into the background without you even noticing it?

**Prayer**

God, if I'm honest, I don't really know what prayer is. Maybe I've learned things about it, maybe I've heard words and ideas, but it has never truly felt real to me. And maybe You haven't really been part of my life for a long time.

But if You are there, if You are closer than I think, then I want to discover that. Help me to be honest. Help me to let go of what I think prayer should be. And teach me, step by step, how to come closer to You—even if I don't fully know how yet. Amen.

# Chapter 2 – The Silence I Lived In

There was a time in my life when God simply didn't exist in my everyday reality. Not because I had made a decision against Him, not because I was wrestling with doubts or searching for answers, but because He just wasn't there for me. If someone had asked me back then what I believed, I probably wouldn't have had a clear answer, because it wasn't something I thought about. God didn't play a role in my life. He wasn't part of my thoughts, my decisions, or the way I moved through my days. And because of that, there was no prayer.

Not even in the moments that were difficult. Not even when things felt overwhelming. I didn't turn to God, because He wasn't someone I had a relationship with. He wasn't someone I spoke to,

or someone I expected to hear from. In my reality, He simply didn't exist in a personal way.

Looking back, it wasn't loud or dramatic. It was quiet. A quiet absence that I didn't question, because it felt normal to me. Life just continued. Days passed, I made decisions, I followed my own thoughts and feelings, and everything seemed to function the way it was supposed to. There was nothing that clearly pointed to something missing.

And yet, if I look back honestly, there were moments—small, almost unnoticeable moments—where something felt incomplete. Not in a way that I could have explained back then, and not strong enough to make me search for something deeper, but still there. A quiet sense that something was missing, even if I didn't have the words for it. But I didn't know what to do with that feeling.

Because you cannot reach for something you don't know exists, and you cannot speak to someone you don't believe is there. So I stayed in that

silence without even realizing it. I wasn't resisting God. I wasn't searching for Him either. I was simply living my life, completely on my own terms, within what I could see, understand, and control. God was not part of it. And then, everything changed. Not because I suddenly decided to start praying. Not because I finally found the right words. But because God made Himself real to me in a way I had never experienced before.

In a single moment, He was no longer distant, no longer just an idea, but suddenly present. Closer than I had ever imagined. And in that moment, something inside of me opened in a way I cannot fully explain. The silence I had lived in for so long was no longer empty, because I realized that I had never truly been alone in it. For the first time, prayer was no longer something I had to understand or learn in a structured way. It became something natural. Something that came from within me, not because I knew how to do it, but

because I had finally realized that God was there. And that He had always been.

**Reflection**

Have you ever lived through a time where God didn't play a role in your life at all—not because you rejected Him, but because He simply wasn't part of your reality?

What did that feel like for you?

And if you look back now, were there quiet moments where something felt missing, even if you couldn't explain it?

**Prayer - Chapter 2**

God, there have been moments in my life where You were not part of my world. Not because I pushed You away, but because I didn't even realize You were there. But if You are real, if You are closer than I think, then I don't want to stay in that

silence anymore. Open my heart. Help me to see what I have not seen before. And if You are there, then meet me in a way I can understand. Amen.

# Chapter 3 – When God Became Real

I didn't plan to find God. There was no moment where I decided that I would start believing again, no clear intention to change anything about my life. As far as I knew, that part of me had quietly disappeared a long time ago. I wasn't searching for Him, and I wasn't trying to bring prayer back into my life. It simply wasn't there anymore. And yet, everything changed.

Not slowly, not in a way I could control or explain step by step, but in a moment that felt undeniable. It wasn't something I created or something I worked toward. It was something that happened to me.

For the first time in my life, God was no longer distant. He was no longer just an idea, no longer something I had once learned about and then left behind. He became real in a way that went deeper than words. I didn't have to convince myself. I didn't have to question whether it was true. I just knew.

It was as if something shifted inside of me, something I hadn't even realized was closed before. Suddenly, there was a sense of presence, a closeness that I had never experienced. Not something loud or overwhelming, but something clear. Something real.

And in that moment, everything I thought I knew about prayer began to fall away.

Because if God was real—if He was truly there—then everything I had learned about prayer no longer made sense. I didn't need memorized words. I didn't need structure. I didn't need to search for

the “right” way to say things. For the first time, I simply spoke.

Not in a perfect way, not with carefully chosen words, but honestly. Sometimes I didn’t even know what to say. Sometimes it was just a few simple words, sometimes it was silence, but even that felt different than before.

Because I wasn’t speaking into emptiness anymore.

There was a sense that someone was there. Listening. Not because I had said the right things, but because I had become real. And for the first time, that was enough. Prayer was no longer something I performed or something I tried to get right. It became something natural, something that came from within me without pressure or expectation. It wasn’t about reaching God anymore. It was a response. A response to the realization that He had been there all along.

And in that, something deeply personal began to grow. Not something I had learned, not something I could have forced, but something alive. A connection that didn't depend on rules or structure, but simply on the fact that God was real.

Looking back, I can see that this was the moment everything changed. Not because I had suddenly learned how to pray, but because I had finally understood that prayer was never about finding the right words.

It was about responding to a God who is already there. And once that became real to me, everything else began to follow.

**Reflection**

Have you ever experienced a moment that felt different—something you couldn't fully explain, but that felt real on a deeper level?

What would it mean for you if God was not distant, but truly present?

And if God were to reveal Himself to you in a personal way—how would you respond?

**Prayer**

God, if You are real, then I want to know You—not just in theory, but in a way that is true and personal. I don't want to rely on what I have learned or what I think I should say. I want something real. If You are there, then show Yourself to me in a way I can understand. And help me to respond honestly, without fear, without pressure, just as I am. Amen.

# Chapter 4 – Learning to Speak Honestly

After I realized that God was real, something inside of me began to change, but it didn't mean that everything suddenly became easy or clear. I hadn't

learned how to pray overnight. I didn't suddenly have the right words or know exactly what to say. In many ways, I was starting from the very beginning. But this beginning felt different from anything I had known before.

There was no pressure to get it right. No expectation to sound a certain way. No feeling that I had to return to the words I had learned as a child. Instead, there was a quiet invitation to simply be honest.

At first, that felt unfamiliar. I had spent so much time either repeating words or not praying at all that I didn't really know how to express what was inside of me. Putting my own thoughts into words in front of God felt almost strange, like stepping into something new without knowing how it would unfold. Sometimes I didn't know where to begin. Sometimes I stopped after just a few words. Sometimes I sat in silence, unsure of what to say next. But slowly, something began to shift.

I started to realize that honesty mattered more than anything else. Not the length of my prayers, not the way they sounded, not whether they were "good enough," but simply whether they were real.

So I began to speak in a way that felt natural to me. Simple words. Unfiltered thoughts. Feelings that I hadn't tried to shape into something more acceptable. And for the first time, prayer became something personal. It wasn't always deep. It wasn't always emotional. It wasn't always clear. But it was real. There were moments where I didn't have answers, moments where I felt uncertain, moments where I didn't even know what I believed yet. But instead of trying to hide that, I began to bring it into prayer. And something surprising happened.

I realized that God was not waiting for perfect words. He was not expecting me to come to Him with everything figured out. He wasn't looking for

something polished or complete. He was simply there. Listening. Present. Near.

And that changed the way I approached prayer. I no longer felt like I had to prepare myself before coming to God. I didn't have to wait until I felt strong or clear or spiritual enough. I could come in the middle of confusion, in the middle of questions, in the middle of ordinary moments.

And that is where prayer began to grow. Not in perfection, but in honesty. Not in structure, but in relationship. And the more I allowed myself to be real, the more natural it became. Prayer was no longer something I thought about as a separate part of my life. It slowly became something that was woven into it.

Not something I had to force. But something I returned to. Again and again. Simply by being honest with God.

**Reflection**

What does honesty in prayer look like for you?

Do you feel like you have to say the “right” things when you pray, or can you be real with God?

What would change if you allowed yourself to speak to Him exactly as you are—without filtering your thoughts or trying to make them sound better?

**Prayer**

God, I don’t want to pretend when I come to You. I don’t want to search for perfect words or try to sound a certain way. I just want to be real. Teach me to speak honestly with You. Even when I don’t have the right words. Even when I feel unsure.

Help me to trust that You are there, that You are listening, and that I can come to You exactly as I am. Amen.

# Chapter 5 – Letting Go of Perfect Words

For so long, I believed that prayer had to be perfect, that the right words had to be chosen, that every sentence needed to be meaningful and correct. I carried that belief like a weight, holding back my thoughts, carefully shaping them before I even breathed them out to God.

Every attempt to pray felt measured, calculated, and unsatisfying, because it was never truly mine. But after I began speaking honestly, I started to see something I hadn't realized before: prayer doesn't require perfection. It doesn't ask for eloquence or polish. It only asks for honesty. Slowly, I began to let go of the idea that my words needed to be flawless. I allowed myself to speak in fragments, in simple sentences, in feelings that were messy and unrefined. Sometimes it was just a name,

sometimes a sigh, sometimes a short confession or a thank you, but every word was real.

The more I let go of the need to be perfect, the freer prayer became. It stopped being a task and started being a conversation, a living connection, something natural that could happen anywhere and at any time. I realized that letting go of perfect words didn't mean I was careless or disrespectful; it meant I was being genuine. It meant I was opening the door to a God who already knew my heart, who didn't need me to dress it up or hide anything.

Each time I allowed myself to speak honestly, I felt closer, lighter, and more present. The tension of needing to say everything right, the fear of not being good enough, slowly melted away. And with that freedom, prayer became less about language and more about relationship. It became something I could carry with me throughout my day, in my joy and my fear, in my silence and in my laughter.

It became part of how I lived, part of how I experienced God, and part of how I discovered that He had been with me all along, patiently waiting for me to stop worrying about the words and simply speak from my heart.

**Chapter 5**

What would happen if you stopped trying to make your words perfect when you pray?

How might your prayers feel if they came from your heart without editing or shaping?

Could you bring the messy, simple, real parts of yourself into your conversation with God?

**Prayer**

God, help me to let go of the need to have perfect words. Teach me to speak honestly from my heart, to bring You my true thoughts and feelings without fear or hesitation. Remind me that You know my

heart already, that You listen even when my words are messy, and that honesty is enough. Amen.

# Chapter 6 – Hearing God in the Everyday

After I began letting go of perfect words, I realized that prayer wasn't something confined to quiet rooms or special moments. God could speak, and I could listen, in the middle of ordinary life.

At first, it was subtle—a feeling of peace in a decision, a thought that seemed to come at exactly the right time, a sense of guidance when I didn't even know what I needed. I learned to slow down enough to notice these moments, to pay attention to what was happening around me and inside me, and to recognize that God was present even when I wasn't consciously praying. Listening became as natural as speaking. I didn't have to hear a voice or see a sign; I began to sense God's presence in the ordinary, in the routine, in the quiet pauses

between one task and the next. Sometimes it was a thought that brought comfort when I felt anxious, sometimes a sudden clarity when I was confused, sometimes a sense of reassurance that I wasn't alone.

It became clear that prayer was not only about asking or saying words; it was about being attuned, noticing God's touch in the everyday. I started to see that life itself could become a conversation, that God was not limited to formal prayer, that every moment offered the opportunity to connect. I could bring small praises, small thanks, small concerns into my awareness as I walked, cooked, worked, or rested, and I could sense God responding in subtle ways. The ordinary became extraordinary because I became aware of Him.

Prayer and listening intertwined, and I realized that the presence of God is not distant but woven into every part of life if we simply allow ourselves to notice. It was a quiet revolution in my spiritual

life, a deepening of intimacy that didn't rely on perfect words or dramatic experiences, but on awareness, honesty, and openness to the small, constant presence of God in every day.

**Reflection**

Where might God be speaking to you in ordinary moments that you have overlooked?

Can you slow down to notice the subtle ways He might guide or comfort you?

How could your everyday life become a space for conversation with God?

**Prayer**

God, help me to notice You in the ordinary moments of my day. Open my eyes and my heart to the ways You are present in small, everyday experiences. Teach me to listen, to be aware, and to recognize Your guidance and comfort as they

come. Help me to live my life as a conversation with You, even in the simplest tasks. Amen.

# Chapter 7 – When Prayer Feels Empty or Difficult

Even after I had learned to speak honestly and notice God in everyday life, there were moments when prayer felt empty. There were times when I opened my heart and no words came, when I didn't feel God's presence, when everything seemed silent and still. It was frustrating, confusing, and sometimes discouraging, because I wanted to feel connected and I wanted to speak, but it seemed as if nothing was happening.

I had to learn that prayer is not always about feelings or experiences. Sometimes it is about showing up even when it is hard, about opening my heart even when it feels like nothing is heard.

Those moments became lessons in trust. I began to realize that God is present even in silence, even

when I can't feel Him, even when I don't know what to say. My honesty didn't depend on my feelings, and my connection to Him didn't depend on the depth of my emotion.

I learned to bring my frustration, my doubt, my emptiness to God without trying to hide it or fix it. Slowly, I discovered that these difficult moments were not failures, but invitations to rely not on words or sensations, but on relationship and faith.

I began to notice that even in the emptiness, God was shaping something within me, teaching patience, humility, and reliance on Him alone. The practice of showing up, of speaking what I could, of sitting in silence and stillness, became a form of prayer itself. Over time, I realized that prayer is not always felt or measured, but is always active when the heart is turned toward God.

Even when words fail, even when feelings falter, even when the experience seems empty, prayer remains a bridge, a connection, a faithful act of

opening to God and trusting that He is there, waiting, listening, and loving, even when I cannot perceive it fully.

**Reflection**

Have you experienced moments when prayer feels empty or difficult?

What if showing up, even without words or feelings, is itself a form of prayer?

How could trusting God in the silence change the way you approach these moments?

**Prayer**

God, help me to bring my emptiness, my doubts, and my struggles to You. Teach me that even when I cannot feel You or find the words, my heart can still reach out. Remind me that You are present in silence, in difficulty, and in every moment I turn

toward You. Give me patience and trust to remain connected, even when prayer feels hard. Amen.

# Chapter 8 – Growing in Relationship with God

As I continued to pray honestly and show up even when it was difficult, I began to notice something beautiful happening in my life: my relationship with God was growing. It wasn't sudden or dramatic, but it was steady, like a seed that had been planted and was slowly taking root.

I realized that relationships are more important than rituals or perfect words. Prayer became less about performance and more about connection, less about asking and more about sharing. I began to speak with God throughout my day, not only in quiet moments but in the midst of life's busyness, in the middle of work, in small decisions, in the simple joys and struggles that filled my hours.

I started to notice His guidance, His comfort, His presence in ways I had never seen before. Sometimes it came as a sense of peace, sometimes as clarity, sometimes as a gentle nudge in the right direction. The more I practiced this kind of openness, the more natural it became to include God in every part of my life.

I learned that growing in relationship with Him is a journey, not a destination. It is not measured by the number of prayers or the eloquence of words, but by the willingness to be real, to stay present, to listen, and to respond. With each day, I felt closer, lighter, and more aware of His presence. And I discovered that the depth of prayer grows as the depth of relationship grows.

The more I know Him, the more I can speak to Him; the more I speak to Him, the more I hear Him; and the more I hear Him, the more my heart opens. This ongoing, living connection became the foundation of everything. It is not a single moment

or a perfect experience, but a continual, gentle movement of the heart toward God, and of God toward me, weaving prayer and life together into a relationship that is deeply personal, real, and transforming.

**Reflection**

How is your relationship with God growing today?

Are you including Him in the ordinary moments of your life?

How might prayer deepen as your relationship with Him becomes more personal and present?

**Prayer**

God, help me to grow closer to You each day. Teach me to include You in every part of my life, to speak honestly, to listen, and to respond. Let my relationship with You deepen not through perfect

words, but through continual presence, trust, and openness. Amen.

# Epilogue – Closing Encouragement

Looking back over this journey, I see now that prayer is not about perfect words, elaborate rituals, or knowing exactly what to say. It is about connection, honesty, and relationship. It is about showing up, speaking from the heart, listening, and trusting even when it feels uncertain.

I have learned that God is present in every moment, patiently waiting, always ready to meet us where we are, not where we think we should be. Prayer has become a living, breathing part of my life, woven into ordinary days and quiet moments, in joy and in struggle, in certainty and in doubt. It is not something I do perfectly, but something I grow into continuously, moment by

moment. And the beauty of it is that anyone can learn to pray in this way.

You don't need memorized texts, elegant words, or special skills. You simply need to open your heart, to speak honestly, and to listen patiently. Every prayer, no matter how small or seemingly insignificant, is heard. Every honest word brings us closer to God. And every quiet moment spent in His presence builds a deeper relationship that transforms us from the inside out.

If you have felt distant, uncertain, or unsure of how to pray, take heart: God is already near. He is already listening. He is already loving you, and He is ready to meet you exactly where you are. Prayer is not a task or a performance; it is a journey of heart, a conversation that grows as you grow, a connection that is patient, gentle, and life-changing.

And as you continue to speak, to listen, and to open your heart, you will discover that God has

been with you all along, patiently guiding, gently encouraging, and faithfully loving you through every step of the journey.🌿

**Reflection**

How might your approach to prayer change if you let go of expectations and simply open your heart?

What small steps can you take today to grow closer to God in your everyday life?

How can honesty, patience, and presence become the foundation of your relationship with Him?

**Prayer**

God, thank You for being present with me, even when I cannot see or feel it. Teach me to approach prayer with honesty and openness. Help me to listen as much as I speak, to grow in relationship with You, and to trust that You are always near. May my heart continue to be guided by Your

presence, and may every prayer bring me closer to You. Amen.

# About the Author

I live in Bavaria and I am the mother of three children. I work as a coach in a call center, but my heart is devoted to my personal journey of faith. Through my own experiences, prayer, and close engagement with God's Word, I have received insights that I now share. This book is an expression of my own path and the understanding

I have been given along the way. I offer these reflections in the hope that they may inspire, encourage, or bring clarity to others, not as instruction, but as a sharing from my own experience of faith.